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NOTES OF THE WEEK

THE House of Commons has been engaged this week discussing the details of the Government's tariff scheme. An easy passage is assured, but this foregone conclusion has not, strangely enough, deprived the debate either of interest or quality, and two new Members — Lord Dunglass and Mr. Mallalieu—have made a promising beginning with excellent speeches for and against the Bill.

The Free List

The main point of dispute is, of course, the free list, and the free traders scored rather neatly when the art exhibitors discovered that Old Masters and modern painters alike are liable to the ten per cent. impost. These things add to the fun of the fair, but they are easily open to revision; and they have certainly not affected in the least the general determination of Parliament and the country to adopt Protection.

Agriculture comes later in the Government plan, and there has been a disposition among country members to assume that after the great urban manufacturing interests had got their way, the former would merely be promised "analogous measures"—to quote Mr. Baldwin's too-famous election address—and

left on the beach as usual. Agriculture has been so often ignored in the past that the suspicion seemed not unnatural, but this time the situation is too serious for the traditional neglect. The farmer will not get all he wants, but at least the quota will do something to assure his future.

American Inflation

The general public, to say nothing of professional economists and financiers, will watch the effect of the new American credit policy with interest, with hope, and perhaps a little misgiving. Those who maintain that currency is the source of all our woes (and their number is increasing) will be ready to applaud the good effects, to chance the ultimate ills, and when those ills arise to minimise them; but actually there is a great deal more at stake than this point in the controversy.

If it be the fact that credit can be created, and a natural fall in prices through over-production checked, by artificial means, without harm either to the individual or the body politic, then a great many doctrines that have seemed securely based on experience in the past will need drastic revision. As to that there are many things that have to be said, and no doubt will be said, by serious students of the present experiment.

We are told, for example, that much of the present slump is due to lack of confidence, which is a psychological factor. That is true, no doubt; but the lack of confidence is itself due to over-production, to falling prices, to unemployment, and consequently diminished general purchasing power.

It would be absurd to contend that these things are psychological. Getting the sack, being unable to find another job, and therefore having less money to spend on necessities and none at all on luxuries, undoubtedly produces psychological reactions of the most acute and painful kind; but the source of these troubles is not psychological at all, but the physical and concrete facts of the everyday economic world in a condition of disequilibrium.

If these things can be cured by the State and the bankers taking thought, and creating confidence among investors and producers and consumers, then I am all for the State and the bankers taking thought, and creating confidence. But I am bound to ask why, if the process of restoration is so simple, they did not think of it before; and furthermore, what, if over-production of goods can be cured by over-production of money, is likely to be the cost of the experiment.

The Lausanne Conference

I really cannot see that the statesmen of Europe have any special right to pat themselves on the back for deciding to do in June what they should have done in January, yet that is what they are doing over the agreement to hold the Lausanne Conference in the summer. The bankers' meeting at Basle showed how desperate the position is, but, as usual, political considerations intervened, and so six months are to be allowed to elapse before the discussion is to start.

This ever increasing tendency to postpone a decision is at the root of the World's troubles to-day, and it makes the ordinary man-in-the-street despair of any solution being found to any problem. It used to be charged against democracy by its opponents that it was too precipitate, but now it appears to have gone to the other extreme, and to be quite incapable of making up its mind at all, however urgent the need.

The truth of course is that nearly all politicians are thinking in terms of politics, rather than of economics, though it is the latter that are by far the more important at the present time. Now political problems are rarely urgent, while economic ones are rarely anything else, and so we arrive at an explanation of the existing chaos. If modern democracy cannot adapt itself to the need for

rapid decision, then the sooner it is relegated to the lumber-room of obsolete political conceptions the better.

Germany and the Elections

President Hindenburg's decision to stand again should be tantamount to his re-election, though this is by no means as certain as some foreigners suppose. The youth movement in Germany has attained vast proportions, and it knows nothing of the war and its heroes, so that the younger generation may well vote for Hitler as embodying the future, while Hindenburg merely represents the past, and a none too glorious past at that.

It is true that the outgoing President will be able to rely upon the support of the Centre and the Socialists, but the credit of both these parties has been a good deal shaken lately, and should he be opposed on the second ballot by a candidate representing both the Nazis and the Nationalists, as well as by a Communist, he will have a hard fight for it. Still, he should win, but it would be foolish to take his victory for granted.

After the Presidential comes the Prussian election, and in this a Hitlerite triumph is quite probable. If such were to be the case it would neutralise the effect of Hindenburg's re-election, for it is an old and true saying in Germany that the party which controls Prussia controls the Reich. In view of the instability produced by these repeated elections one cannot help regretting that the Hohenzollerns made themselves so impossible, for a hereditary monarchy means one election the less.

The Dean on Evil

Dean Inge's address on the existence of evil shows that he has lost none of his old courage, for he frankly admitted that it was an unsolved difficulty that Christianity itself had never been able to decide. He did not, of course, pretend that he held the key of the enigma, but he spoke with some contempt of the conventional and orthodox solutions.

This clear and frank confession is an encouraging sign of the times. Whether we are more truthful in social matters than the Victorians is, I am assured by juvenile octogenarians, a moot point; but on doctrinal and philosophical problems the present generation has at least contrived to shed the blinkers, and to admit honestly what it does not know. That at any rate is something gained.

Edgar Wallace

If fame be measured by the number of readers, I suppose that Edgar Wallace was the most famous author in the world; and in a craft that is notoriously not exempt from professional jealousy, it was pleasant to see that

neither highbrow nor lowbrow grudged him success. His career was as true a romance as that of Dick Whittington, and his death will be genuinely and sincerely mourned.

How many books he wrote I do not know, but he must have been easily the most prolific author of the day. Not all of them, of course, were good; but the worst book that Wallace wrote was streets ahead of the best that some best-sellers I could name produce. The critics sometimes sneered at both his style and matter, but though the plot was occasionally thin, the English in which it was written was always clear and robust. And that, heaven knows, could not always be said of the English of his critics.

Waterloo

We English are an absurd nation. For a century we regarded Waterloo Bridge merely as a convenient link between north and south of the Thames, and our artists bothered very little about its beauty. (It was not the sombre heavy mass of Waterloo that Whistler chose to paint in the famous nocturne).

But now that the Bridge is definitely falling down, and sags and flops over the river like an old sleeve, everybody talks of Waterloo as if it were the only beautiful thing in England, and the *Manchester Guardian* (seldom given to superlatives) has suddenly discovered that it is the noblest bridge in the world. Why do we never admire things until they are worn out? Why do we always identify the tumble-down with the beautiful?

I see no reason whatever why the new Waterloo should not be as beautiful as the old; for our artists, architects, and engineers have at least as strong a sense of æsthetic values today as a century ago, and a greater range of design and materials. But even if it is a new wonder of the world, nobody in England will admit that the new Waterloo can compare with the old—until it too begins to sink into the river in 2032 A.D.

The Railway Position

Few people, even among stockholders, seem to realise the seriousness of the financial position of the railways. The fact that the Great Western, which has not been so hard hit by trade depression as the London and North Eastern and the London, Midland and Scottish, earned last year less than four-fifths of the standard revenue to which it is entitled, while in order to pay a dividend of only 3 per cent. it had to draw on reserves to an amount equal to over 1 per cent., is a sufficient indication. And the year to date has witnessed no improvement in receipts.

The railway position is the more striking in view of the considerable economies dis-

closed in the accounts. But owing to the very heavy burden of fixed charges, and the fact that certain forms of expenditure remain much the same despite declining traffics, it is impossible to reduce working expenses in conformity with a heavy fall in earnings. Last year's accounts benefited by all-round wage reductions, but it would be unwise to expect much further savings under this heading, while I am assured that the effect of any additional cuts would merely be to precipitate a strike.

Empire Art

That excellent institution, the Royal Academy, seems to be a little out of touch with public opinion, or it would have arranged an exhibition of Empire art for next winter, instead of a display of the works of its recently dead members. Personally, I can imagine nothing more instructive and interesting than such an exhibition, and it might be so arranged that each of the Dominions had one of the rooms at Burlington House allocated to them.

One hears many complaints that the Dominions have produced very little in the way of art, and, to correct that impression, a display of this sort in the capital of the Empire would prove a great encouragement to their artists. We want to do all we can to foster an interest in the Empire from every point of view, and I commend the idea very seriously to the President of the Royal Academy.

The Press Gang

A recent intensive study of the popular Press has driven me to the conclusion that their zeal for the provision of free insurance and the promotion of prize competitions has caused certain proprietors to overlook the fact that journalism requires journalists. To give a few instances at random, a Cabinet Minister's widow is the fashion expert for one daily; a woman politician who lost her seat in the House at the General Election is acting as Parliamentary correspondent; an orchestral conductor has become the musical critic of another daily; and it openly rumoured that a judge who is seeking retirement will leave the Bench for Fleet Street.

In this connection it is not generally known that the recent truce in the Rothermere-Berry war, which closed down four provincial papers at a moment's notice, threw a thousand people on the streets, of whom at least three hundred are working journalists. And this on top of the "Daily Chronicle" debacle, from whose effects Fleet Street is still suffering. In the circumstances, the incursion into journalism of amateurs, titled or untitled, represents something more than a professional grievance; it takes away the livelihood of men and women who have no "dole" on which to fall back.

THE OTTAWA CONFERENCE

THE conversion of Great Britain from a Free Trade into a Protectionist State is something more than a domestic matter, for it is the first step towards making the British Empire an economic unit. What that will mean to the other nations of the world time alone can show, but for the present the attention of all subjects of the King must be concentrated upon making the coming conference at Ottawa the one exception to the post-war rule, that is to say a conference that actually gets things done.

At the same time, it would be a serious mistake to suppose that agreement will be easy, or that because Empire Free Trade is so obviously desirable an end it will be adopted without much debate. Forty years ago this might have been the case, but we have delayed too long, and the slate is not a clean one any more, so there will clearly have to be a good deal of give and take before a complete settlement can be achieved. The Dominions now have their own manufactures, a fact which is too often forgotten in these islands, so that we cannot exchange our manufactured goods against their raw materials and foodstuffs as we could have done had the British electorate had the sense to adopt the late Mr. Joseph Chamberlain's fiscal proposals when he first put them forward.

Not only, too, are there the Dominions to be taken into account, but there is the rest of the Empire, which, consists of Crown Colonies (with and without official majorities in their legislatures), Protectorates, and the Mandated Territories. In the case of many of these the costs of administration are largely defrayed by a revenue tariff upon imports, so that the application of the principle of Empire Free Trade will only be possible after some other source of income has been found. Then, again, it is by no means clear whether, from the point of view of international law, we are justified in enclosing the Mandated Territories, such as Palestine, within our Imperial tariff wall; while, lastly, there will be treaties with Foreign Powers to denounce. All this goes to show that the agenda at Ottawa will be a long one, but given the will to succeed, which certainly exists, we have no doubt as to the ultimate success of the conference.

The problem is not, of course, wholly an Imperial one, for there are several countries which are entirely dependent for their prosperity upon their trade with the British Empire; Argentina is the best example, but Uruguay and two or three more South American States come into the same category, as well as, in Europe, Denmark, and to a lesser degree Holland. We cannot do without

these countries, just as they cannot do without us, and the question to be answered is can they be worked into a British Imperial economic union without alarming the rest of the world, and without injuring materially the interests of those who are already subjects of the British Crown? In this connection the proposal of Argentina to send an observer to Ottawa is very significant.

In our opinion it will materially improve the chances of ultimately making the Empire an economic unit if an Imperial currency can be established. There can be no question that the existence of the same monetary unit in all parts of the French possessions is a great stimulus to trade, and there is no reason whatever why the same should not be true in our own case. Furthermore, the adoption of an Imperial currency would in all probability induce some of the South American and Scandinavian countries to base their currency on the British, to the benefit of our own, and the prejudice of our competitors' trade.

In these circumstances it would be foolish to expect that the Ottawa Conference will hardly have met before a complete agreement is announced. The plain fact is that our forefathers have allowed the Empire to grow up in a happy-go-lucky manner, both from the political and the economic standpoint, and there will be a good deal to undo before we can get on with the task of re-building. Nor can we put all the blame upon those who have preceded us, for had the present generation, both in the British Isles and in the Empire overseas, known what it was about it would have put its house in order before the economic blizzard reached its height, and so would have been spared the worst of its consequences.

Of the immensity of the opportunity there can be no question. The problems to be discussed at Geneva and Lausanne, when all is said and done, are of a negative character, that is to say they are concerned with not arming and not with paying any more on account of debts and reparations, but what is to be done at Ottawa relates to the future, and is very definitely creative. If we do not have to spend any more on armaments, we can hardly spend less, and if we can get Germany on her legs again, it will be a move in the right direction, no doubt, but by itself it will not start the wheels of British industry revolving once more. Only success at Ottawa can restore prosperity to the Empire in general, and to these islands in particular. A contented Europe and a peaceful Asia will help, but we must get out of our own mess by ourselves, and at Ottawa we shall have the opportunity of making a start.

THE SESSION OF 1932

(From a Political Correspondent)

THE chief difficulty confronting the Prime Minister and his colleagues in 1932 will obviously be that of preserving the unity of the National Government. The official Opposition is impotent both in debating skill and numbers, and will be more of a spur to revolt to the overflowing Conservative benches than a curb. The return of Mr. Lloyd George however, will be very welcome, for in him the Government have at least one brilliant and unsparing critic. His suggestions with regard to the twin thorny subjects of War Debts and Reparations will be listened to with the greatest attention, and it is to be hoped that he will be able to point a way out of the tangle for which as principal architect of the Versailles Treaty, he is chiefly responsible.

Unless a bill is brought in within the next few months the faith of the farming community will be divorced for ever from Conservative principles, a faith to which it has clung with an almost pathetic insistence through years of disaster and hope deferred. The Socialist Party will do well to keep its eye on the rural constituencies, for failing such a measure there will be an undoubted and unprecedented swing to the left. Ruin is stalking through the countryside. Drowning constituencies, like drowning men, clutch at straws.

There is, however, no likelihood of any serious revolt until Mr. Chamberlain has introduced his Budget. As Chancellor of the Exchequer and Mr. Baldwin's principal lieutenant, he has a terrific and two-fold burden. He has to produce an equitable and balanced budget and thereby buttress the waning popularity of Mr. Baldwin.

There is no chance of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald surviving the year as Prime Minister unless he proves himself once and for all to be a man of action. The country is in no mood to be fobbed off by innumerable committees and conferences. The absurdity and expense of the Licensing Commission will, it is hoped, do something to cure Mr. MacDonald of his favourite method of temporising. With still less favour will flamboyant visits to foreign capitals be regarded, even though made in the sacred and overworked names of Disarmament and Reparations. Above all, it is essential for him to remember that a large section of the community has not forgotten that he was the head of the government that brought Great Britain to the brink of ruin last year, and in whose ears still ring the ugly echoes of the Red Flag in 1926. Mr. Ramsay MacDonald

put his country first in August, 1931. It will be as well for him if he keeps it there in 1932.

He would incur widespread and deserved popularity if he swept away the petty irritations and absurdities of Dora. To do so would doubtless be to court the hostility of a highly organised and hectoring minority which disbelieves in the hereditary liberty of the subject, but from the overwhelming majority of the people would come an encouraging murmur of approval. The beer tax should be abolished. It was never a revenue-making proposition. It was imposed by a blue riband Chancellor of the Exchequer with his tongue in his cheek. It is a tax on one of the necessities of the working man, whether industrially or agriculturally engaged. The foremost necessity of our time is a contented state.

Sir Herbert Samuel must be made to remember that Conservative supporters of the National Government are in the majority. Equally that he owes his own seat to Conservative support. It is useless for him and his handful of supporters to plead that the Conservatives were elected on a National ticket. Conservatives always are National as opposed to sectional. But in the General Election, Tariff Reform was the main plank in every Conservative platform. They will be playing their constituents false unless they press forward unanimously towards the goal of a general tariff scientifically applied.

Self-confidence is essential to individual prosperity. It is equally essential to the State. Since the war this country has been at the mercy of her weak-kneed, sentiment-sliding politicians who have done their best to make Great Britain the whipping-boy of the world. We have shown all nations the way to disarmament, and have been sneered at for our pains. We have shouldered the heaviest burden of war debts. We have received the smallest share in reparations. We have tamely submitted to being the dumping-ground of Europe and America. Abroad our nationals have been slighted and treated with derision. Within the confines of our own Empire our officials have been murdered at the instigation of those who prate of peace but who rely on terrorism and assassination to achieve their ends. The politicians have had their eyes glued so closely to the possibilities of the polling-booth that they have failed to see the inevitable decline of our prestige abroad. The paramount duty of the Conservative Party is to defeat all odious, sickly internationalism and to turn their attention to strengthening the ties of Empire.

THE AMERICAN UNIVERSITIES

By JOHN BOYD-CARPENTER

IN America education, like the mixing of cocktails, is an exact science. Certain ingredients, shaken together in the same proportions, should produce the same results. Given some elaborate buildings, some laboratories well-equipped with whatever laboratories are equipped with, a handsome endowment, a competent administrator as president and a rather better-paid one as football coach, you have a university. And like all well-behaved scientific experiments, this one can be repeated over and over again.

That is the theory; and on it an industry hardly less important than bootlegging has been built. It is, of course, a large-scale industry. You can't standardise professors in quite the same way that you can standardise machine-tools; but you can see to it that if they vary very much from the original design, they are scrapped. And, as raw material this industry has a large proportion of America's youth. University education penetrates down to quite low in the social and economic scale. There are, at present, a million men and women being taught in institutions more or less of university standard. One university has thirty-five thousand members. Quite a number have more than ten thousand. As one professor expressed it to me, "the unit of production is large."

Education in England is still aristocratic, in the best sense of the term. It aims at training a few very fine minds, and at giving the rest a comparatively simple education. But England whatever her political institutions may be, is an aristocratic country. America, socially at least, is essentially democratic. The aim, conscious or not, of her educational system is to give a respectable standard of training to the largest possible number. In this connection, I am not referring to the "prestige" universities, as the Americans call them; these, Harvard, Yale, Princeton, and perhaps, Cornell, are imitations of European or English models. But the institutions which are essentially American, and which deal with all but a very few of the educated youth of the country are run on the principle, as the nineteenth century would have put it, of the greatest good of the greatest number.

In practice it is considered better to have low intellectual standards for entrants than to exclude any number of entrants. It is thought to be better to use a tutor in lecturing to thirty people than in "smoking at" at two. Degrees are obtained not as the result of closely-analysed examination papers, but as the result of having attended a certain number of "classes." The system is designed to be run with a numerically low ratio of staff to undergraduates. And, of course, when personal supervision of work has been eliminated, something must be put in its place to overcome the natural laziness of the human animal. And the only expedient is long hours of compulsory work on certain lines laid down by authority. At Oxford a natural aptitude or feeling for a branch of a subject is encouraged; a historian, interested in the eighteenth century, would not be pressed to pay more than the minimum of attention to the fourteenth, unless, indeed, his tutor happened to have written a book on that peculiarly uninteresting period. At an American university it is unlikely that this predilection would be

known to the professor; it certainly would be ignored.

This is no condemnation of the American professor; a man who has to deal with hundreds of thousands of students cannot know the peculiarities of individuals; but the few are sacrificed to the many. For the long hours of compulsory and routine work, none of them illumined by the personality of a tutor, have their effect. The American undergraduate has left to him neither the time nor the mental energy for intellectual relaxations.

The Companionship of the opposite sex, fast cars, synthetic gin and the cinema satisfy his simple needs. He is not prepared to sit all night while a bottle of port on the table grows gradually emptier. He does not educate himself. Mental development is carried out only during office hours.

No American university has, like Oxford, institutions such as the Union, the O.U.D.S., and the whole host of literary, essay-reading, and political clubs in which everything is discussed "not without dust and heat." In their place are the "fraternities" and "sororities"; purely social organisations, many of them rooted in snobbery, and all of them disgraced by a puerile ritual and a fatuous craving for secrecy. And, above all, there is the incomprehensible worship of a game they call football. This game is actually played by perhaps fifty men in each university. The season lasts for two and a half months. But not only is anyone connected with the football squad treated with a deference which would seem excessive if shown to royalty even in a republican country, but the standing of the institution in the eyes of the public and in the eyes of its own old members, depends to a great extent on its team's success. For instance, the University of Notre Dame, a place of no particular intellectual pretensions, has enjoyed recently a great reputation simply because its football team was not, for four years, defeated by any of the teams it chose to meet. And old gentlemen in high positions seriously believe that their "alma mater," as they will call it, is in a very bad way if it loses a couple of games, no matter what its achievements may have been in other activities. And as a consequence of this state of affairs scholarships are openly awarded to large young men who may win glory for the institution in this way; in fact a college will attempt the probably impossible task of educating certain young men for the simple and sufficient reason that they can play football. And in the prevailing atmosphere, university presidents may shake their heads, but they have to bow them.

Now this is all the consequence of a system which is scientifically sound, but which ignores the human element. The machinery is there; it turns out scientific agriculturists, competent engineers, and holders of diplomas in business efficiency, most of whom know a good deal about the subjects they have been taught, but very few of whom can think straight. Their interests are frankly unintelligent; as a result their competency at their own jobs never rises above competency. If a sound, uninspired general level of ability, regardless of other consequences, is required, then mass-production is the method by which to obtain it. But some things can never be mass-produced; for them craftsmanship is required.

TENDENCIES IN MODERN MUSIC

BY M. SCOTT JOHNSTON

AFTER approximately fifty years of "modern" music, by which roughly speaking we mean the use of discords and programme symbolism and impressionism, it should be possible to sit back and begin to see things in perspective, to forget for a while the angry blinding clamour of things new.

Before this roughly defined modern era, music was much more an art by itself. One could not mistake it for anything else. A symphony was a symphony, not an elaborate scenario. A concerto was a concerto, not a picture in another and less suitable medium. A piano sonata was a sonata for the piano and not a piece of Schiller or Shelley transported from its native element of words.

But during the last fifty years music (owing largely to the added atmospheric effects made possible by the discovery of new and less rigid harmonic laws, by the increasing use of mutes, overtones, and other methods of interfering with the natural tones of instruments), has encroached further and further upon the preserves of other arts—painting, literature, engineering and the stage.

Schönberg, for instance, paints impressionistic pictures, Debussy is a landscape gardener, Honegger is an engineer and an athlete, Stravinsky is a mathematician, and Bela Bartok a genius of precise percussion and rhythm. And with this intermixture some of our composers and many of our audiences are getting muddled. William Walton's brilliant oratoria "Belshazzar's Feast" cries out for operatic treatment. Puccini's sparkling operette "Gianni Schicci" is primarily a farce. Strauss' tone poem "Til Eulenspiegel" is *opera bouffe* and his "Don Juan" derives from the epic form of poetic drama. Lambert's "Rio Grande" is the coloured drama of the brush.

Where are we? No wonder the public is muddled, and no wonder the concert agents provide us with longer and longer explanatory programmes. For few of these versatile moderns possess Wagner's gift of writing not music that is explanatory but music that is in itself the thing explained.

Modern composers label their works more precisely than the old masters. Well and good. A straw is enough to indicate a wind. But the genius of the programme will not let well alone. He seizes upon the label and proceeds with misplaced energy to weave long fairy tales which further bewilder the average listener who comes to listen to music and not to an elaborate Greek drama, or to watch a Rugby match complete with goal posts and referee, or to see a picture which he could probably in any case view free of cost at one of our admirable public galleries. If a certain work resembles a storm at sea, the average listener will like to imagine his own storm without the writer of the programme's imaginative efforts clashing with his own, or trying to persuade him that the composer was really thinking of the Battle of Trafalgar.

I know the composer is powerless in most cases to control the lyrical prolificacy of programme writers, but the original fault—if fault it is—lies in his contribution to the general tendency of too much cleverness, of a too skilful mating of different arts of insufficient taste and power to write from the core instead of from the surface. There is one supreme way of saying any given thing. There is only one triumphantly correct medium to use. It is clever to say Shelley's "Prometheus Bound" in music, in paint or in stone. But Shelley who said it in poetry was more than clever. He was the artist. Dukas' excellent maxim is too often forgotten: "Pour rester intelligible la musique n'a que se développer suivant ses nécessités organiques."

It is interesting therefore to find among some modern composers a tendency in their most recent works to return to pure music, an abandonment of cleverness and show for simplicity. Hindemith and Stravinsky are now writing music that even the most imaginative of programme writers are unable to liken to anything but what it is—music pure and unadulterated. Delius, whose titles are seldom more than an indication of mood, is a pure musician, and though he has the attributes of both poet and painter, they are essentially musical attributes and can only properly be expressed and absorbed in that medium. Bax, Lambert, Vaughan Williams, Holst, Ravel, and many others have in their new works been chiefly concerned with pure music.

There are, in fact, many indications of a return to an almost mediæval simplicity where the core of artistic substance is found and expressed in its most suitable medium, and in that alone.

It is a point of view that seems worth pursuing. Cleverness may temporarily dazzle. A man who can give a flawless performance of a Liszt Rhapsody on the piano, a man who can play the most elaborate Paganini variations and frills with easy fluency, will always have a public for the public admires that which it cannot do itself—circus tricks and the like. "Autant que de pain, la foule a faim d'être émerveillée."

But is is a sign of decadence when the majority says, "Oh, yes, I like music. But of course I can't play or sing." Good listening springs out of practical knowledge, but how can the public be expected to tackle for its own pleasure and culture music that is neither fish, flesh, nor good red herring—music that requires the combined vision of poet, painter, dramatist and mathematician? This is not the people's music. It is terribly clever, and sometimes even inspiring and beautiful. But it is seldom quite real. And it dates.

Art nowadays, instead of being a universal communion, tends to be a private luxury. In the middle ages each art was individually pure and its finest expression was found in the churches. "La maison de Dieu était le palais du peuple." In these overcomplicated times this is a thought that it seems worth while to ponder.

TENNYSON AND THE SEARCH FOR IMMORTALITY

I. THE PRE-EXISTENCE OF MAN

By L. S. PEAKE

TENNYSON once said that the cardinal point in Christianity was the life after death, and his doctrine of Immortality is his most important contribution to the religious teaching of the Victorian era. It was a contribution which received an entirely new impetus from the death of his friend, Arthur Hallam, though his earlier poems, like "The Confessions" and "The Two Voices," shew that he was already speculating on the subject. The grounds on which Tennyson's faith in Immortality was based were five in number, but in this article we must limit ourselves to a consideration of the first of his arguments.

Tennyson believed in a future life because he believed in the pre-existence of man. His soul comes out of the spiritual into the natural, out of eternity into time. And the fact that it was once pre-existent is for Tennyson a ground for believing that it will continue to exist after the breath has departed from the body. In other words death is not annihilation, but a return to a pre-existent state.

This is how Tennyson answers the question of survival in "The Two Voices." The would-be-believer in the poem tries to convince the unbeliever of his immortality by telling him of a mystic feeling which he has that he was once pre-existent.

"Moreover, something is or seems,
That touches me with mystic gleams,
Like glimpses of forgotten dreams—
"Of something felt, like something here;
Of something done, I know not where;
Such as no language may declare."

This again is how Tennyson answers the problem of immortality in "The Ancient Sage." The young man maintains that death is the end of everything, that our laughter and our tears are all in vain, that we are just like worms and maggots, though we have not even got their hope of wings. Everything that we see around us to-day, he declares, is all to no purpose. "To-day?" interrupts the old man. "But what of yesterday?"

For oft

On me, when boy, there came what then call'd,
Who knew no books and no philosophies,
In my boy-phrase, 'The Passion of the Past.'
The first gray streak of the earliest summer-dawn,
The long last stripe of waning crimson gloom,
As if the late and early were but one—
A height, a broken grange, a grove, a flower
Had murmurs, 'Lost and gone and lost and gone!'
A breath, a whisper—some divine farewell—
Desolate sweetness—far and far away—
What had he loved, what had he lost, the boy?
I know not and I speak of what had been."

This, once more, is the thought that lies behind the birth story of Arthur in the "Idylls of the King." In the bodily sense Arthur is born of Uther and Ygerne, but apart from the physical birth there is a spiritual

birth also. There is a time when the soul enters into Arthur as it comes out of the pre-existent into the existent. We remember the old scene as Tennyson has drawn it at Tintagel Cove. While Uther is dying, the two wizards, descend to the beach below. They watch the great breakers as they thunder on to the shore. The ninth is so large that it seems to gather half the ocean in its fold. It plunges and it rolls to the feet of Merlin, and on its bosom is born a naked babe. Its soul has descended from heaven in the divine ship that looked like a dragon, and Merlin laughing cries,

"Sun, rain, and sun! and where is he
who knows?
From the great deep to the great deep
he goes."

We know what Tennyson meant by "the great deep" from his poem "De Profundis"—a poem written on the birth of his eldest son. It is the great eternal void where the soul has its first home. It is from that eternal home that the soul of Arthur has come, and it is to that eternal home that the soul of Arthur will return.

This idea of the pre-existent soul is indeed a favourite one with Tennyson. It is the first thought that strikes him when he writes his "Early Sonnets." In the Epilogue to "In Memoriam" he thinks of his sister's child as a soul that will be drawn "from out the vast, and strike his being into bounds." In "Crossing the Bar" he describes his own soul turning again home to that "boundless sleep" from which it originally came.

As to the nature of the soul in the pre-existent state Tennyson is not very clear. To begin with, he made no attempt to distinguish between an individual or universal soul. Later, however, when he wrote "In Memoriam," he conceived of its existence as impersonal. It was part of God's life, and in that general life it was not conscious of itself. Its birth was like the taking of a spark from the Divine essence. Its consciousness was only realised through being enshrined in a body. This according to "In Memoriam" is the use of "blood and breath."

"So rounds he to separate mind
From whence clear memory may begin,
As thro' the frame that binds him in
His isolation grows defined."

Canto XLV.

But more important than the origin of the soul is its destiny. Here Tennyson has no hesitation in repudiating any idea of a reemergence in the general soul. We all long for recognition and intercourse in the next state, and any notion of being merged in a life which is both universal and impersonal

"Is faith as vague as all unsweet:
Eternal form shall still divide
The eternal soul from all beside;
And I shall know him when we meet."

"In Memoriam." Canto XLVII.

CEYLADINE

BY SETON PEACEY

"It is told that there were three maidens of that name: Ceyladine the Dark, Ceyladine the Fair, and Ceyladine the Red. And the second was the most beautiful, and the third was the wisest; but the dark maiden was the most deadly."

From the second part of the Chronicle of Rumbold of Wrackspeth.

He came in Summer heat;
He paused before the gate.
The yew hedge, bronze, sedate,
Wall to death consecrate,
Said, "Pause before this gate!"
And timely stayed his feet.

His face was pale and wan,
A lonely seeking face:
To seek what in this place
Where worms alone say grace?
He stared, he raised his face,
Entered, and sauntered on.

The path with grass was grown,
With grass and moss and weed.
His heart, it bore the seed.
His soul it dreamed the deed.
Kinship with moss and weed,
His Being long had known.

It's spire, a chapel raised
To watch the ranks of tombs.
Grim, sparsely furnished rooms!
Where sunlight ne'er illumines,
Nor starlight. On these tombs
The man and spire both gazed.

But on one grave no sign,
No monument of stone
Told who lay there alone.
A red rose tree had grown—
There was no slab of stone—
A red rose, dark as wine.

The sun of afternoon
Looked down on tomb and tree.
A red rose solitary,—
It's fellows blighted be!
He stands by the rose tree;
One red rose left to June.

The stalk is sharply thorned;
Beneath the leaves they hide—
Yew hedge on every side—
Tall crosses raised in pride.
Thorns in his heart do hide,
Lone sorrows, lonely mourned.

His fingers touch the rose:
Red petals, as silk fine,
Veined with a faint design.
(Beyond, dark woods of pine!)
He smells the scent so fine.
Thorns prick; the red blood flows.

Twelve drops in the long grass;
Twelve drops upon the ground!
(Pine woods devoid of sound.)
(The yew hedge doth surround.)
O hasty, thirsty ground!
A sun like burnished brass.

The bleeding wound is small.
Twelve drops his finger shed;
Twelve drops to nurse the dead.
(The sun is high o'erhead!)
Twelve, only twelve were shed.
Ah! can so little call . . . ?

Ah! can so small amount
Recall to joy and pain,
Recall the dead again?
His blood the earth did stain;
His the unlooked-for pain.
His blood supplied the fount.

"My name is Ceyladine!
Ten long and lonely years
Without the grace of tears . . ."
Struck dumb, the young man hears,
"Here have I lain ten years!"
The bronze yew hedge doth screen.

Who is this form, this wraith?
Her raven hair is long.
Her speech is like a song.
Such lips to queens belong.
(Her lashes too are long.)
How came this prize from death?

"O! my release is brief!"
Soft is her voice and low.
Such voices Magians know.
Such voices Gods bestow.
She quickly fades, and lo!
The grave again is thief.

His was the blood that brought
The maiden from her grave.
That ground his blood did lave.
(Her beauty made him slave.)
The tall spire watched the grave.
"Thorns ready means had taught.

O Black and crimson and gold!
The dense pine woods were dark.
The spire rose straight and stark.
His blood the grave did mark.
The Eastern sky grew dark;
His bloodless body, cold.

(Continued overleaf)

They buried him there by night;
 With torches, buried him there.
 (Cold was the sunless air.)
 With torch and furtive prayer,
 They digged a grave for him there
 On a cold and moonless night.

And now two roses bloom,
 Two roses, darkly red;
 Two roses where he bled;
 Two roses proclaim the dead,
 Sweet-scented and darkly red,
 On Ceyladine's tomb.

BLOOD TRANSFUSION

By W. ADDISON

AN indescribable grateful feeling fills the spirit of the voluntary donor when he slips off the operating table and is lucky enough to witness the pink glow of life returning to the white face of the patient as he, or she, helped by new blood, throws off the touch of Death.

In many cases the immediate benefit of fresh blood passed into the system is not seen so soon after the transfusion. But if it be a case of life or death, the change is immediate; a miracle; a seeming raising from the dead.

I have seen it. A woman in travail, and bleeding to death. The donor was telephoned, one Smith, who arrived at the hospital within half an hour of the call, and was lying by the side of the dying woman in less time than it takes to write this. With quick, deft, intelligent movements his arm was prepared and the needle thrust into the vein. A gentle withdrawal of the piston, and the syringe was filled with blood; a half turn, and a gentle pressure, and the blood poured into the veins of the dying woman. Out, in, out, in, so it went on until the operator said "Enough." The woman sighed, tucked up her knees a little, looked at Smith with puzzled eyes as much as to say "Who are you? What is this all about?" and was swiftly wheeled away to her bed. She is now back at work, a strong, healthy woman.

"Tinkle-tinkle" went the telephone bell in a busy City office on a cheerful, sunny day. "I would like to speak to Mr. Brown." "Speaking," was the reply. "Can you come along and help at once?" the voice enquired. "Coming," said Brown. In the time it takes to travel from the Bank to Goodge Street, followed by a short walk, Brown was keeping tryst. A man suffering from cancer of the jaw needed blood after an operation. He was unconscious and breathing uneasily. Brown's arm was cleansed, and he hopped up to his appointed place. A local anæsthetic was applied, a vein in the hollow of his left arm was snipped through, one end was tied while into the other was slipped a slender metal tube attached to a rubber pipe the remote position of which nestled in a glass container. Something was loosened and Brown's blood ran merrily into the jar. Watching his blood mounting higher and higher Brown remarked to the surgeon, "Rummy colour, my blood, isn't it? Anyway, I'm not of blue blood!" "It's the right kind for this fellow anyway, retorted the surgeon, and for the love of Mike keep quiet!" Brown lay quiet. The container filled, Brown's vein was tied up, and away went the surgeon to the sick man. I could not see exactly what was done, but I saw the blood from the

jar getting lower and lower until it was finished. Brown's arm was then stitched up and fixed, and as he was leaving the man began to breathe easily. "Saved!" murmured the surgeon, "Goodbye, Brown, many thanks. Come and see me with that arm soon if it bothers you: if it doesn't come in a week and we'll unstitch you!"

On the way back to the office, Brown became giddy and sat down on a step. The truth was that Brown had allowed a transfusion a fortnight before and said nothing about it in case there was no other voluntary donor available! He soon pulled himself together, and was getting on with his office job shortly afterwards. The patient recovered and was back at work in a few weeks.

The next was Jack Adams, not much of a beauty to look at, none of them are, but his blood was right and the group was right. Ugly, a strong-looking devil was this same Jack Adams. One morning he received a letter which said that he might not be wanted, but would he come and "stand by." He rang up the hospital. "Hallo," said an impatient voice, "What do you want?" "Jack Adams speaking." "We're wanting you badly," was the reply. "I was just on the point of ringing you up. Be with you in a quarter of an hour," was Adams reply, and he was.

This time it was yet another method of transfusion. When his arm was fit and ready, a needle, somewhat like a hedge stake, was pushed into a vein, and the blood of Adams slowly made its way along a tube to a glass blood measure by gravity. A nurse slowly stirring it with a glass rod and as she stirred, a sticky-looking mass collected at the end of the rod. In good time, enough of this matter had collected for the purpose, and was transferred to the correct portion of the patient's anatomy; the patient was a woman. Back came the surgeon, "Not enough, my lad. How are you feeling?" "Take some more," said Jack. "Hell!" ejaculated the surgeon, the needle's blocked! "That's nowt," commented Adams "Try t'other arm." No sooner said than done. The woman lived and has not had a day's illness since.

In such manner, quietly, swiftly, and without fuss, lives are snatched back from the brink. Who are the donors? Nobody outside the Hospitals know anything about them, except of course, those who belong to the organization which has been formed in recent years to supply donors as and when required. The men I have written of are free lance and do not wish to be known. The curious fact applying to these odd fellows is that they all come from humble walks in life. Down with the pick, pen, or drill, off to the hospital, and then back to work.

THIS WEEK'S ARGUMENT

HAS THE DEAD MAN RIGHTS?

YES, BY FRANK BORDON

WITHOUT embarking on a religious controversy, it can be stated as a fact that from time immemorial man has regarded death merely as another stage on a long journey. To suggest that death implies the blotting out of a personality is to oppose an instinct that is as old as himself. The difference is, of course, that after death a man cannot attend in person to the execution of his wishes, so he leaves behind him instructions for the guidance of those who succeed to his estate.

Until comparatively recently, the only things a man could leave behind were intangible wishes and anything he had been able to accumulate in hard cash. But with the advance of science, man has been enabled to leave evidence of his personality that is far more clear and definite. By means of a gramophone he can talk and sing long after he has been lowered into his grave. With the aid of a talking film he can speak and act and laugh and quarrel just as he did when he lived.

These things may be only clever mechanical tricks, but they do serve to drive home once more the ancient truth that personality survives, even if a body may perish. The ancient Egyptians were groping after this truth when they mummified a man's remains and painted the lid of his mummy case. It was a symbolical reminder of the thing we so easily forget—that death is not the end of all things. It may be argued that after death a man is no longer concerned with the things of this world, and that may be so in so far as he may dislike being conjured up at a seance in order to assure a number of people, perfect strangers, that he is very happy.

But can it be denied that, though a man may be physically dead, he is still bound by chains of steel to the world he lived in? By the wife he wed, by the children he begat, by the business he built, by the books or pictures he created, by the ideas he conceived and translated into concrete achievements, he is linked to a world to whose very existence he has, no matter how minutely, contributed. That this is so is frankly recognised by an enactment such as the law of copyright, which safeguards a man's books until he has been dead for fifty years. The estate of Caruso, the great singer, draws considerable income from the royalties on the sales of his gramophone records.

The law ever jealous where property is concerned, protects these things carefully, but is apt to turn a blind eye or begin to split hairs when more abstract matters are involved. And public opinion, ever ready to crush with ridicule something it does not fully understand, attempts to deny a man the right to bring to bear the only pressure in his power that will ensure obedience to his wishes.

A man may love his wife but know her for a weak, vain woman who would fall an easy prey to any fortune hunter. Yet if his will proclaims that she shall forfeit her inheritance on remarriage he is condemned as a harsh and jealous tyrant. Surely if she wishes to marry a man who is worthy to follow in the footsteps of her first love, the loss of a fortune will be a small matter compared with the joy such a marriage would bring?

NO, BY GEORGE GREENWOOD

IT should be universally recognised that when a man is dead his interest in this world has ceased. Yet, far from this being the case, this country is very largely controlled by dead men, with the inevitable result that every reform, every step forward along the path of progress, has not only to fight against the prejudice of the living, but must drag with it the accumulated load of myriads of dead hands.

Every time a man says "it was not thus in my father's time"; every time a judge decides a case according to precedent; every time a much needed improvement is blocked because it would ruin vested interests; we are allowing ourselves to be ruled by the dead. Because a certain thing was excellent ten or a hundred years ago it does not follow that it is equally good to-day. Conditions change, and the sole criterion of whether a thing is good or bad should be its effect on living women and men. It is because people find it easier to accept lazily the rule of their forefathers than to apply a little common sense to the solution of their difficulties that the world finds itself in its present parlous position.

We laugh at the Chinese for their ancestor worship, but we are almost as bad ourselves. We are brought up to revere the past and venerate the aged. The very fact that a man is eighty years old invests his slightest utterance with the wisdom of the oracles, while a wish murmured on his deathbed is regarded as sacred, no matter how foolish it may be. As many men are like Captain Hook and fear that when their time comes there may be no suitable opportunity for a Dying Speech, they prepare it beforehand and call it their Last Will and Testament. And in this precious document the Law permits them to record their childish anger, their petty prejudices, their narrow prohibitions and their puerile desires, and these automatically bear upon their unfortunate heirs with all the rigour of an Act of Parliament.

Every day the newspapers print some example of a fatuous bequest. A daughter is prohibited from smoking, gambling, or wearing short skirts. A son is disinherited if he marries an actress. A niece loses a fat legacy unless she lives for the rest of her days in one certain house. A faithful, devoted wife is left unprovided for while the fortune she has helped to accumulate goes to a light o' love. Yet every attempt to reform the law relating to inheritance is fought tooth and nail by the dead hand worshippers.

When a man marries, he vows to endow his wife with his worldly goods. His promise is unconditional, yet when he dies he imposes all the conditions his brain can conceive.

Apart from the common justice of providing for a wife as long as she lives, and the common sense of directing how his money should be divided, and, if necessary, safeguarded against foolishness and extravagance, a dead man should have no more right to control the living than the man in the moon. If he wished his fortune to be properly looked after when he is dead and does not trust his widow or his children, a man can appoint trustees to do everything that is required. The capital can be controlled, and the income handed over

(Continued overleaf)

YES.

Men admittedly do make unreasonable stipulations in their wills, but those who do not wish to comply with these conditions have an excellent remedy. They need not accept the money. If you reside in a man's house during his lifetime, common courtesy dictates that you behave in accordance with his wishes and that you respect his prejudices. Why should not the same rule apply after his death?

Death used to be described as "a merciful release." To-day it is almost coming to be regarded as an unforgivable sin! The State steps in and takes anything up to half the dead man's property. His heirs wrangle over the remainder and discuss in a court of law whether he was of sound mind. Any literary hack can write a scurrilous book attacking his memory and the law blandly observes that one cannot libel the dead. Even the conventional signs of mourning are becoming so perfunctory that before long they will be non-existent.

A man has few enough rights while he is alive, but custom decrees that he shall have some minor privileges when he is laid to rest for the last time. For many men, their Last Will and Testament provides the sole opportunity they have ever had of speaking their minds frankly, of stating precisely what they wish to be done, and of being certain that their desires will be carried out to the letter. The thought of his will, written in uncompromising legal phraseology, duly attested, and reposing snugly in his solicitor's safe, must have comforted and sustained many a man during the pangs of dissolution. It would be intolerable if a man were to be deprived of his best chance of getting the last word.

HAS THE DEAD MAN RIGHTS?

NO

to the heirs. But the receipt of that income should certainly not be dependent on the heir refraining from marrying whoever his wishes, acquiring whatever vices or bad habits he has a partiality for, or following whatever religion his conscience directs.

In a court of law a witness is strictly limited to statements of fact. He is described from expressing his opinions or if he does, they carry little or no weight as evidence. He must certainly not air his prejudices. Why, therefore, should he be allowed to do so in a legal document like a Will?

In one flagrant case the law did step in and put an end to a practice that was against the public interest. The Thelusson Act was passed to prevent a fortune accumulating at compound interest for an unlimited number of years. If this ingenious idea had been allowed to continue, vast financial complications would have ensued and the national exchequer seriously disturbed. In other words, the State acted with almost indecent haste when it wished to protect itself, but it betrays not the slightest desire to help the unfortunate individual.

When a man has lived upon this earth for the span of a normal lifetime, he has had ample opportunity to impress his personality on his family, his business associates and his friends. If there is anything that is good and worth-while in what he has done, it will live on to make, in its measure, the world a better and brighter place. If he has failed to take proper advantage of the opportunities that have been vouchsafed him, he should not be aided in venting his spleen on posterity by a travesty of the law of the land.

"AN IMAGINARY ADVENTURE OF MR. PICKWICK"

BY RICHARD CLAVERING

AFTER Mr. Pickwick had made the unpleasant discovery that the Reverend Will Cheatem upon whom he and his friends had pressed a generous gift of money to be used for the uplift of the Tierra del Fuegians was none other than Jingle, he presented the appearance of one who had received a staggering blow.

"Well, I never!" exclaimed Mr. Pickwick slowly. "The rascal entirely deceived me. I did not for a moment doubt that he wasn't genuine."

"Nor I," said Mr. Winkle.

"I certainly took him to be a clergyman," hastily assured Mr. Snodgrass.

"And the manner in which he spoke of the Tierra del Fuegian women certainly convinced me," observed Mr. Tupman who always showed a keen interest in the ladies.

"Apparently there is no depth to which the scoundrel will not stoop," continued Mr. Pickwick, "even to violating the dignity of the cloth as a means of furthering his own nefarious ends. But never mind; on this occasion he has gone a step too far. Nemesis is upon him."

"How so, Mr. Pickwick?" asked Mr. Winkle.

"Ah! Fate has revealed a plan to me. Listen, my friends," and Mr. Pickwick proceeded to unfold a scheme which drew forth expressions of unanimous assent from the others.

"Thoroughly brilliant," commented Mr. Snodgrass.

"Worthy only of your resourceful mind, Mr. Pickwick," confessed Mr. Tupman.

"It will be a surprise to him," said Mr. Winkle with evident enjoyment.

"I do think myself its a good plan," replied their leader beaming. "It's so unexpected. But come we had better be moving."

The same evening Mr. Pickwick and his friends presented themselves at the stage-door of the Alhambra at which Mr. Jingle was playing.

"Would you please tell me at what time Mr. Cheatem comes off the stage?" inquired Mr. Pickwick of the attendant. The man consulted a list. "He's off now," he replied, "Goes on again in half-an-hour."

"Ah, then I wonder if we could see him?" and Mr. Pickwick slipped a shilling into the man's ready hand.

"I'll see sir. What names, sir, please?"

"Just say 'four old friends who would like to give him a surprise.' Thank you."

The man departed; and Mr. Pickwick turned to his comrades. He was smiling, but even so, a dangerous glint had come into his eyes and his fists were clenched.

"Old friends, indeed;" he remarked in a voice which betokened suppressed feelings. "I hope, my friends, that you don't consider me vindictive—"

"Never, Mr. Pickwick, sir, never," interrupted Mr. Tupman.

"Certainly not, Mr. Pickwick. You—vindictive!" scoffed Mr. Winkle.

"We are with you to a man," assured Mr. Snodgrass.

"Thank you, my friends, I feel that you all are. But I do think that bouncer deserves what he is going to get."

"—and more." Suggested Mr. Snodgrass.

"And more," agreed Messrs. Winkle and Tupman in the same voice. A hush fell upon the little group until the attendant reappeared.

"Please step this way gentlemen," he requested; and Mr. Pickwick took the lead followed by the others. They mounted a flight of stairs and paused outside a door upon which their guide knocked. From within a voice bade them enter. They did so, and the attendant promptly retired after closing the door. From a chair beside a writing-table the lank figure of the Reverend Cheatem rose, the light of the electric lamp falling upon the straggling red locks of his wig. He wore the same sombre clerical suit which somehow seemed to have grown a little too large for him for the trousers bagged very much below the knees.

"Yes," said Mr. Cheatem.

For several seconds Mr. Pickwick stared intently at him until a positive glare came into his eyes. Then:—

"You scoundrel!" he breathed in an angry voice, "you clever rogue, you bouncer. Now, Mr. Tupman and you Mr. Winkle, please keep your backs against the door; Mr. Snodgrass, please secure the window."

"What is the meaning of this?" cried Mr. Cheatem, in surprised tones. "I demand to know."

"You demand—?" said Mr. Pickwick. "I demand satisfaction at your hands;—and I am here to get it."

"But—!" gasped Mr. Cheatem.

"But me no buts, sir, you have played too high a hand and lost. And now, you—shall pay! On your guard, sir, for I am going to strike you."

Mr. Cheatem's face betrayed a look of grave anxiety but it is greatly to his credit that he maintained his ground, and never faltered when he realised his serious predicament. Mr. Pickwick's arms began suddenly to describe rapid circular motions in front of his rotund body not unlike those of a windmill in a strong breeze; and he advanced upon his adversary, his lips grimly set.

"At him! Mr. Pickwick," cried Mr. Winkle.

"Hit him hard!" directed Mr. Snodgrass.

"Go for him!" yelled Mr. Tupman.

The encouragement of his friends roused Mr. Pickwick to blind fury. He broke into a little run, and quick as a flash of lightning his opponent side-stepped and swung the chair across his path. Mr. Pickwick tripped over the chair and fell full length on the floor. In falling his spectacles became detached and he lost them. Sympathetic cries broke from the lips of his friends. He was endeavouring to regain his feet, when Mr. Winkle dashed to his aid; and seeing a head close to him, and being unable without the aid of his spectacles to distinguish clearly, in addition to being in that state wherein all restraint is cast aside, Mr. Pickwick promptly delivered a few sharp blows on his friend's chin causing the latter's teeth to rattle.

"Hold hard! Mr. Pickwick," warned Mr. Snodgrass, but mistaking his friend's cry for further encouragement, Mr. Pickwick redoubled his energies and struck more fiercely than ever at Mr. Winkle's head. Mr. Tup-

man and Mr. Snodgrass rushed to Mr. Winkle's aid and seized Mr. Pickwick.

"Cease! Mr. Pickwick, cease," begged Mr. Tupman.

"How dare you, sir, interfere?" cried his irate leader struggling violently. "Leave go; let me finish him."

"It's Mr. Winkle, Mr. Pickwick,—it's Mr. Winkle you're hitting," explained Mr. Tupman hanging on like grim death.

Mr. Pickwick ceased suddenly to struggle. "Eh?" he exclaimed. "What!"

Mr. Snodgrass hastily recovered the lost spectacles and returned them to the owner.

"Mr. Winkle!" gasped Mr. Pickwick adjusting the spectacles and peering incredulously towards that unfortunate worthy who was busy feeling his face. "Mr. Winkle, but I distinctly thought I was striking that vagabond Jingle."

"Jingle!" cried the Reverend Cheatem as if suddenly surprised, "But my name isn't Jingle. Mr. Jingle left the cast this afternoon."

"What!" exclaimed Mr. Pickwick in horrified astonishment.

"No, I am not Mr. Jingle. As a matter of fact he was dismissed this afternoon, and I, his understudy, have taken his part," explained the gentleman in clerical garb.

"Goodness gracious!" gasped Mr. Pickwick, and for a few moments his friends expected his legs to give way under the weight of his sagging body.

"If you know Mr. Jingle," continued Mr. Cheatem, "you will readily see that I am not as tall as he."

"So you are," said Mr. Pickwick, as if the information caused him sadness. "Now that I come to notice more closely, I realize you are not Jingle. How terrible! What shall I do?"

None of his friends attempted any suggestion. They were dumb with surprise.

"You see, I am in such an awkward position," proceeded Mr. Pickwick in a harassed voice. "I hardly know how to explain."

"Perhaps Mr. Jingle is the explanation," suggested Mr. Cheatem.

Mr. Pickwick gave him a grateful look. "You are perfectly right, sir," he said; and thereupon he recounted briefly what had befallen himself and his friends through their acquaintance with Mr. Jingle.

"Of course, I cannot attempt to tell you how deeply I regret this unfortunate incident," concluded Mr. Pickwick, "how covered with shame, how humiliated I feel; and in offering you my most abject apology I cast myself entirely upon your generosity and sue for your pardon."

"It is most freely granted, sir, I assure you," responded Mr. Cheatem. "Had I been in your place, I should have acted likewise." He crossed to the door and opened it. "The matter is forgotten; and we part the best of friends."

"Sir," said Mr. Pickwick, "you are an Englishman, and therefore a sportsman and a gentleman." And with a low bow he passed out followed by his friends.

Mr. Cheatem closed the door, and crossing the room, he gazed at himself in a mirror.

"You are a sportsman and a gentleman," he mused. "But you are also a born actor, Alfred Jingle, or it might have been very awkward for you to-night. And how fortunate that a slight misadventure causes you to wear your understudy's clothes."

CORRESPONDENCE

"BUYING BRITISH"

SIR,—Mr. Bryan is quite right to stress the necessary slogan "Buy British," and I advise him to study what our great English bankers are doing in these critical days.

They are intent upon installing machines to supplant the work of clerks and the machines are of American manufacture. Why buy anything American? One bank has spent over ten thousand pounds in this direction and this means less work for our English bookmakers, etc., and more unemployment. Is this their sense of patriotism?

Pass books are to be discontinued that type sheets may be substituted—the balance indicated by a star. Creditors have already found that the debit and credit sheets have no totals—making it necessary for customers to cast their own, where an auditor is not employed. It is passing strange that Englishmen should tamely submit to this startling innovation.

Some bankers, when protest is made, agree to continue the pass book as an act of grace.

Patriotic people should refuse to agree to mechanical methods, but rather should bank where the old conditions prevail.

CIVIS.

DOUBTFUL FILMS

SIR,—Why "doubtful"? I fail to see where the note of uncertainty creeps in. Surely there can be no doubt as to the dangers of those films where immorality is represented as the primrose path of adventure, and crime is meretriciously dangled before the thirsting eyes of youth as a highly profitable, not to say, desirable, career?

I do not think it is merely an old-man's fancy that sees some connection between the huge increase in divorce statistics (and immorality amongst the young) and the post-war introduction of the cinema? It certainly is not idle fancy that connects the mutiny at Dartmoor with the prison-films which have been recently shown, such as the "Big House."

An immediate ban should be placed upon all sex and crime films. Only love scenes in which a husband and wife partake should be shown; all extra-matrimonial relations should be rigidly taboo. Then home-life might be once more the noble thing it was; and I suggest the setting up of a commission to enquire into the question of vice and crime pictures generally. There is no one more broad-minded than I am, but the challenge to Christian civilization is now too great to be ignored.

Kensington, S.W.

R. PUSEY.

A GERMAN ON GERMANY

SIR,—There was once a Spaniard, tall, dark, with noble mien. And he looked on, as all that he held dear was destroyed in the flames. When they asked him why he looked on so quietly he answered, "I am Don Maria Esteban José Sebastian de Soto, fate can destroy me but not touch me."

There was once a Frenchman, slender, elegant of figure, with clear-cut features, distinguished bearing. With his own hand he set fire to his chateau, broke his sword across his knee and walked serenely to the guillotine. When they asked him why he had not fled he answered, "I am an aristocrat, rather dead than bourgeois."

There was once an American, upright, grey-haired, with courteous manners. And when he heard that the North had won the war, he took his pistol and said, "I am a Southerner, of Virginia, I will never be governed by the North."

There was once a Middle-European, tall, fair, short-sighted. And he looked on at his country in poverty, saw the rising taxes and found himself without work. And when they asked him why he did nothing to get an active government he replied, "I am a German and belong to my political party, nothing else interests me at all."

Berlin.

R.O.

GENERAL GROZIER

SIR,—I can enlighten Mr. Shane Leslie; indeed there is a Crozier—and a peculiarly lively one. I heard him lecturing at a meeting near his home in Kent. The title of his lecture was "A Word to Gandhi—the Lesson of Ireland," which was the title of a recent book of his. The substance of the lecture, however, was Brigadier-General F. P. Crozier, his Life and Works.

The present volume is his fourth book. His first was "A Brass Hat in No-Man's Land," which was chiefly concerned—as far as I read it—with Crozier's Theory of the Treatment of Venereal Diseases. As Mr. Leslie may like more easily to learn of this great man, I can advise him to look into a few copies of the "Daily Telegraph," where he can hardly miss the further expressions of opinion of the stout General.

Crozier is certainly very much concerned in contributing to English letters all he knows—of Crozier.

"ONE WHO IS SICK OF THE FLOOD OF
SECOND RATE ENGLISH "LITERATURE."

SHANGHAI

SIR,—In your leading article on "Commonsense about Shanghai" you seem to have rid yourself of the acute Sinophobia which afflicted you at the beginning of the Manchurian affair, but you have replaced it with a cynicism as to the value and meaning of treaties which is astonishing.

I am no supporter of the League of Nations, but I still hold, as I hope some others do, that a treaty is, to a Briton at any rate, a treaty, and not merely a placing of the tongue in the cheek. And it cannot be denied that Great Britain, China, and Japan are all signatories both to the Covenant of the League and to the Locarno Pact.

Leaving aside the questionable affair of Manchuria, Japan has at Shanghai and Nanking violated both those treaties.

What then are we, the "Great Powers," to do? Are we to step between the combatants with an ultimatum that shall assure both sides of justice, conditional on their coming quickly to their senses? Or are we to ignore the solemn oaths that we and they have taken (we, who have been wrangling for years with China over our Treaty rights!) as a matter of momentary expediency?

Policemen? Or vultures waiting for the kill? Which way does the Saturday vote?

48, Markham Sq., S.W.3.

P. R. SANDARS.

THE T.U. AND SOCIALISM

SIR,—Mr. Quintin Hogg compares the Labour Party to a mule; I should prefer to speak of it as a pair of Siamese twins. A mule is at any rate an apology for a single personality. The British Labour Party has always been a freakish combination of two distinct outlooks and modes of expression.

Mr. Hogg might have looked further into the historical origins of the Labour Party. Keir Hardie, its founder, perceived that Marxian Socialism—internationalism and nationalization—fell indifferently on British ears. He realized that the Labour movement could only live by being grafted on to the workmen's organizations, then struggling for better industrial conditions. Hence the fundamental alliance with the Trade Unions, and in the result the Labour Party has never rested on a national basis, but has pursued a policy of class warfare, seeking the impoverishment of the wealthy for the social amelioration of the poor. Due to its Trade Union connections, Nationalization has never been more than a parrot cry. Labour has fought instead for State intervention in industry—for State regulation of hours and conditions, and for a wholesale programme of social improvement which pays no attention to national economics. It is this anti-employer obsession, as Mr. Hogg points out, which has prevented the development of any progressive Socialist policy in this country.

The two independent parts of the Labour organism were seen clearly at work last autumn. The T.U. element was recklessly opposed to any contraction in social amenities, and cheerfully proposed increases in direct taxation. Of the Socialist purists, Maxton and his friends came out openly in favour of Marxian Socialism, while Macdonald and Snowden, whose position made impossible the advocacy of the drastic remedies which their sympathies demanded, went over to the constructive parties of the Right.

Although the body of Labour is temporarily exhausted by the cleft, the T.U. element has emerged with greater freedom of movement than before. So that until the anomalous powers of the Unions are curtailed, they will continue to hold the Labour Party to its dangerously unrepresentative character, and to dictate a policy of gradual and inactive attrition.

Historically, economically and socially the Labour Party is bound to the Unions and not until they are again brought within the Common Law will the Conservative Party face an Opposition which it can meet on level terms.

Cardiff.

HILARY MAGNUS.

THEATRE BY GILBERT WAKEFIELD

Julius Cæsar. By Shakespeare. His Majesty's.

Julius Cæsar. By Shakespeare. Old Vic.

"The Rose Without a Thorn." By Clifford Bax. Duchess.

IT is on record, in Max Beerholm's book about his brother, that when Tree resolved to make his first production of "*Julius Cæsar*," he hesitated long before deciding whether to play Antony or Brutus. That he finally chose Antony, will not be found surprising by those who see the play for the first time as it is now being given at His Majesty's. This is partly due to Mr. Godfrey Tearle's superlative performance in the Forum scene; partly to the fact that Mr. Oscar Asche has reproduced, so far as its essentials are concerned, the Tree production, in which Brutus and Cassius were subordinated, gently and politely, but quite firmly, to their actor-manager; but most of all to a sadly impercipient, and therefore dull, embodiment of Brutus by Mr. Basil Gill.

Those, on the other hand, who have seen only the Old Vic. production, will at least understand Tree's hesitation, if they do not go so far as to regard his preference for Antony as foolish. And this will be because the Old Vic. Antony was utterly—but very interestingly—miscast, while as Brutus that superb Shakespearean actor, Mr. Ralph Richardson, was discovering every thought and mood of Cæsar's delicate assassin.

Having seen both versions within a week of one another, I am left wondering what would happen to the play if Mr. Tearle enacted Antony to a Brutus who combined the outward and visible nobility of Mr. Gill with the inward and spiritual grace of Mr. Richardson. What, I mean, would happen to those fourth and fifth acts, which—whatever the punditry of commentators and the perversity of highbrow criticism may argue to the contrary—are a sorry anti-climax? At the Old Vic., thanks to Mr. Richardson's performance in the earlier acts, the famous Quarrel-scene is something more than a magnificent irrelevancy; Brutus has been the centre of the play, and the lachrymose and sentimental Antony of Mr. Robert Harris, though it moves us greatly, fails to dissipate our interest in Brutus. At His Majesty's, the Forum scene is a whirlwind, fanned into a hurricane by Mr. Asche, and poor Brutus, along with Cassius and the rest of them, are scattered far and wide. And though it is in these later scenes that Mr. Gill is at his best, and though Mr. Baliol Holloway (as Cassius) returns to the business with an undiminished energy, Shakespeare and Mr. Tearle have put us in the mood for rhetoric, and the temperamental incompatibilities of Cassius and Brutus seem a trifle dull.

The fault is, of course, primarily Shakespeare's. He had meant to write a play about Cæsar—first about his questionable ambition and the gathering conspiracy, then about his death, and finally about his posthumous revenge on Cassius and Brutus at Phillippi. That, I have very little doubt, is how Shakespeare "saw" the play, before he embarked on the task of dramatizing Plutarch. But that was not how it "worked out" when he came to write it. First Brutus pushed his way into the foreground, and the play got out of hand while Shakespeare enjoyed himself with some irrelevant psychology. Then

Antony came bustling forward; and Shakespeare the poet seized with both hands an opportunity which Shakespeare the dramatist would probably have seized with only one. Thus between them Brutus and Antony pushed Cæsar off the stage and out of the play that was to have been chiefly his. There is a pathetic attempt in the Tent-scene to push him back again; but by that time Shakespeare was apparently aware that things had not gone right with his play, and the effort is only half-hearted. Is there anywhere in Shakespeare such a jejune duologue as that between Brutus and the Ghost of Cæsar?

Brutus: Why com'st thou?

Ghost: To tell thee thou shalt see me at Philippi.

Brutus: Well; then I shall see thee again?

Ghost: Ay, at Philippi.

Brutus: Why, I will see thee at Philippi, then.

(Ghost vanishes).

In fact, he doesn't see him at Philippi—though personally I have very little doubt that Shakespeare was here foreshadowing another ghost-scene in Act V., and that he actually wrote it in an early draft. But the long and the short of it is (though sycophantic commentators carefully disregard the fact) that "Julius Cæsar" is a play; that plays are intended primarily for the theatre and only secondarily for the study; and that in the theatre this particular play goes hopelessly to pieces in its last two acts. The producer must face this rather disconcerting fact; and personally I think that Mr. Asche's way of facing it is, on the whole, the best way. It is easy to argue, and perfectly true, that Antony is showy and superficial, little more than a particularly purple passage, excellent stuff in its way, but utterly devoid of "serious interest"; and that Brutus, on the other hand, has a mind and a character—neither, when you come to think of them, superlatively "noble," both perhaps a trifle weak, but none the less, indeed all the more for that very reason, interesting. But Antony is "theatre," and Brutus isn't.

I have already paid my tribute to Mr. Tearle's performance; I should add that the result of his terrific oratory, which succeeds in dominating a crowd which apparently had been instructed to go "all out" in its efforts to drown him, is one of the most emotionally thrilling scenes the London stage has given us for a long time. Mr. Baliol Holloway as Cassius was disappointing; that staccato utterance, out of which he has so often made a virtue, was in this case (at the first performance, anyway) more than a trifle monotonous. At the Old Vic. Mr. Robert Speaight was a much less powerful, but much more interesting and human Cassius.

Though I have not the space to deal with it critically this week, I cannot end this article without entreating you to see Mr. Clifford Bax's play at the Duchess Theatre. Do not be misled and prejudiced against it by its title; it is not at all the pretty-pretty little piece you might suppose, but an intensely dramatic and absorbingly interesting play about Henry VIII. and Katheryn Howard, who, in the words of Mr. Bax and the persons of Mr. Vosper and Miss Angela Baddeley, are transformed from dead history into living humanity. Mr. Vosper's Henry is a memorable piece of acting, and no reader of the *Saturday Review* should miss seeing it. Recommended to your immediate attention!

FILMS BY MARK FORREST

A Nous la Liberté. Directed by Rene Clair. The Rialto.

Doctor Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. Directed by Rouben Mamoulian. The Carlton.

Suicide Fleet. Directed by Albert Rogell. The Regal and The London Pavilion.

At one time or another, provided that the weather is fine, every man gazes out of his window and sighs for his freedom. Though secure in his chair he longs for the uncertainty of the road and, so long as the sun continues to shine, weaves dreams. Sitting thus he puts rhetorical questions to himself. What is the use of piling up money? What is the sense of turning himself into a slave? What real happiness is his at the moment? How convenient it would be to shed his chrysalis—that ugly case which is responsibility—and emerging as a butterfly flutter free down the hedgerows. *A lui la liberté!*

If the weather was always fine; if there were no laws of trespass and nuisance; if whenever one sang people gave one enough to eat and if the rest of mankind greeted one's exploits with a smile, there might be something in the idea. So much for the cold facts of the matter, which man likes to ignore or to watch other men ignore for him. Mr. René Clair is one of those men who ignore them for him and in "*A Nous la Liberté*," which succeeds "*Un Soir de Rafle*" at the Rialto, he has made a picture which, while not so successful as "*Sous les Toits de Paris*" or "*Le Million*," is a gay adventure into nebulous regions.

The story and its treatment contain more satire than he has hitherto used. Life out of prison, as Mr. Clair sees it, is just as tedious and monotonous an affair as life in prison, and the escaped convict who becomes the head of a great gramophone company is serving a sentence just as rigorous as the one which he was enduring in the penitentiary. To make the analogy clearer he runs his factory on prison lines—there is only a difference in degree. Emile, admirably played by Henri Marchand, is a slave to his business, and the men under him are slaves to him; his and their vitality are sapped; they are automata.

Existence threatens to continue for Emile along these lines, but when Louis, played by Raymond Cordy, gets released from prison and accidentally finds himself in Emile's works, his entrance breaks a cog in the machine. Emile cannot resist their old friendship and Louis, whose idea of life is that of a playboy, makes him human again. At the finish, Emile, though helped on his way by a little blackmail from his former fellow convicts, leaves the factory willingly enough and seeks the road with Louis, content to sing, like little Tommy Tucker, for his supper.

The whole picture, in spite of the somewhat biting satire, is a joyous affair, containing many of the twists which those who know Mr. Clair's past work, will recognise as old friends. There is, for instance, the usual ridiculous pursuit, though it is not so amusing as the one in "*Le Million*" or so ingenious as that in "*The Italian Straw Hat*." This time the objective is a bag containing the paper capital of the firm. It ends its career on the roof and, when the wind begins to blow, flies open with the result that the pompous ceremony to inaugurate the new gramophone is broken up by a cascade of notes,

the chase of which the silk hatted directors cannot resist. This scene and its humour are in Mr. Clair's very best manner and for that alone the picture is worth seeing twice. There is, too, Paul Olivier, who is again the bewildered, and, on occasion, the slightly intoxicated old man; his hands secure a goodly proportion of the loose notes, but Mr. Clair does not show the mountain of small saucers which must be the inevitable result of his good fortune.

In great contrast to this light-hearted entertainment is "Doctor Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," which has replaced "The Cheat" at the Carlton. To a certain extent Hollywood is putting its money on the macabre; "Dracula" and "Frankenstein" have made successes, though they could both, especially the former, have been much better done, and it was only to be expected that Robert Louis Stevenson's thriller would be put into commission again. Mr. Mamoulian, who directed "City Streets" so ably, directs three-quarters of this picture just as successfully, but where he has not followed his author his grip wavers. The main changes which have been made are the introduction of a love story, the materialization of Mr. Hyde's villainy and a new end to the awful experiment. The love story does not offend and Mr. Hyde's villainy, though best to the imagination, at any rate provides Miriam Hopkins (the princess in "The Smiling Lieutenant") with a small part; but a great mistake has been made in tampering with the end. Mr. Hyde jumping about a laboratory and knocking policemen on the head belongs to "A Nous la Liberté."

Frederic March in the dual role is horrific and the gradual "uglification" of his face and body—there are seven characterizations of this monster of evil—is a fine piece of camera work and make-up which may well give people a nightmare that should satisfy them. He is not so handsome a Jekyll as John Barrymore was in the silent version nor does he speak with so good an English accent as the rest of the cast; but great pains have been taken by the director to get his atmosphere correctly and the result is serviceable enough. Lovers of Robert Louis Stevenson will sit aghast, but those who don't know the story or who have no reverence for it should be satisfied.

I do not know why "Suicide Fleet" should have been signalled out as being good enough to appear at two West End cinemas simultaneously. The naval part, which has been made with the co-operation of the United States Navy, undoubtedly contains some first-class photography, but the rest of the picture is only composed of backchat. The director seems to have fallen between two stools and the combination of farce and drama is unsatisfactory. Had the film been done seriously with a little light relief, instead of farcically with a little reality, the result would have been more entertaining.

There are, however, some good "shots" of submarines and destroyers which lead one to hope that our own Admiralty will not pay too much attention to recent remarks from a judicial bench, and will allow the British Navy to participate in the making of pictures. The strength of the cinema for propaganda purposes does not yet seem to be fully realised in this country. The Russians have used this angle very successfully, and the Americans for the most part, rather badly; virtually, we have not used it at all.

NEW NOVELS BY H. C. HARWOOD

The Fountain. By Charles Morgan. Macmillan. 7s. 6d.

Summer Storm. By Jeffrey Marston. Bles. 7s. 6d.

Chadwick Roundabouts. By Alec Brown. Cape. 7s. 6d.

WHEN after the retreat of Antwerp Lewis Alison found himself a prisoner of war in Holland he was for the first time in a position to realise his old desire of seeking a stillness within himself, of leading in full independence of all around him a contemplative life. The needs of his widowed mother, his brother and his sisters had forced him, still as undergraduate, into business. He had acquitted himself well for ten years not without some enjoyment of part of himself. But now confinement of his person gave him freedom of soul, irresponsibility.

So much for all this high falutin nonsense about stillness in oneself? The dignity and beauty of Mr. Morgan's imagination suffice to guard the most cynical or least intelligent of his readers from coming to any such conclusion. Alison's lapse may be described to his quest being more arid than austere, more curious than radical. Or it may be that his love for Julie added to passion such temperamental congruity and was so assisted by her past and present circumstances as not humanly to be overcome. Or, as is more probably Mr. Morgan's own intention, beauty must be experienced by the senses before it can be ensued with success in the world of pure being, Plato's heaven. The husband of Julie returned, horribly crippled, suffering no more from his wounds than from the imminent collapse of his country and, as it seemed, his class, with nothing left but his wife whose penitent devotion was unable to conceal from him the estrangement of her heart. He conquered this last disappointment and died, leaving to Julie and Alison a new life of subtle difficulty at the beginning of which "The Fountain" ends.

This is not everybody's story. The minor characters have an extraordinary verisimilitude. The fellow prisoners of Alison, for example, would illustrate with distinction any war book, though met by chance and parted from without regret; and Julie's stepfather richly combines the best traits ascribed to the fine old English gentleman with the pride and reserve of his native aristocracy. The style, though almost too uniform, is not depressing nor difficult, excellent above all when it suggests the play of light and shadow, the movement of water, the development of emotion. But it is not everybody's book. That it demands careful attention is of little consequence, since it deserves it. It demands also sympathy, whilst sympathy with Alison as with the righteous man of Aristotle, the superior person of Confucius, is not easily accorded. They are not prigs, but if you called them prigs I should know what you meant. Alison's ambitions were respectable, his fault pardonable, his personality impressive. But is not his seriousness sometimes confounded with solemnity? His tragic gait too classical? His Miltonic heroism uncoloured by Shakespearean fantasy too cold?

If you like literature that is almost architecture, "The Fountain" however, will be accepted by you without question. Those who prefer a freer and simpler play of the imagination than is to be found herein must content themselves with acclaiming Mr. Morgan as a considerable and impressive novelist, who has given us what none of his contemporaries could.

Mr. Jeffrey Marston returns in "Summer Storm" to that pleasant, commonplace and mildly prosperous family, the Rexons. Things did not go very well with them for a few months. Tony wanted his daughter, Honor, and his son-in-law, Bernard, to stay in his publishing business where they were most useful to him, and they chose instead to get concerned with a new Labour weekly, which was badly let down by the roguery of one of the directors. Worse still, Honor was seeing far too much of a flashy young novelist. Her brother Colin was falling sincerely in love at an age when he should have been thinking only of flirtation, and the younger brother had made great friends with a clergyman and might at any moment decide that he should read for holy orders. There were servant troubles, too, a ridiculous quarrel with a neighbour, Tony's wife gave him more advice than comfort, and the last book of Rexon's Ltd.'s brightest biographer was likely to involve the firm in legal proceedings. A bad summer. But all came out more or less happily. Mr. Marston has a light touch, a shrewd humour, and a lively invention. His comedy neither suggests nor resolves any problems too important to be faced from an upholstered chair. It is not intended to do so. But it deals with realities; with the worries and absurdities and misunderstandings that make comfortable chairs irksome though still tenable; it is genuine comedy, not a welter of wisecracks nor a thin imbroglio. And it offers a pleasurable post-prandial entertainment, after which the reader will feel that he need not in cold blood later apologise to his intellect for having been amused.

"Chadwick Roundabouts" contains both a murder and a murder trial, but owes little of its value to incident, much to Mr. Alec Brown's strong interest in the deeper springs of human action. The trial as he sees it is no gladiatorial combat. Of what took place in open court we know little. Of the proper interpretation to put on the evidence we know all, how the prisoner fell under such grave suspicion, who were indeed guilty of the crime. But here are the jury, whose individual prejudices, ability and sentiment we have been given full opportunity of judging, met together in retirement to decide whether Jimmy Wingfield shall hang for the murder of Laetitia Langland. Of Jimmy we learn almost too much. The farm he inherited from his father he expended partly on reasonable but unprofitable experiment, partly on whisky. There was dignity in his acceptance of the position of village wastrel, courage in his self-relegation to the rank of Miss Langland's odd job man, indolence, almost imbecility, in the rest of his behaviour. Was his simplicity animal? Or did it proceed from a native worth unable to find self-expression? His ups and downs—this at least is sure—were worked by machinery beyond his control. So too the others jig round on wooden horses no bridle can check, no spur hasten. Yet the author is dissatisfied with his own determinism, and seems to grudge the allowance he makes for heredity and environment. Mr. Brown has written a quaint, a fascinating book.

REVIEWS

THE FAR FLUNG EMPIRE

Canada. By Alexander Brady. Benn. 18s.

Down Under: An Australian Odyssey. By R. W. Thompson. 12s. 6d.

Black Frontiers: Pioneer Adventures with Cecil Rhodes' Mountain Police in Africa. By Sam Kemp. 8s. 6d.

Tribes of the Niger Delta: Their Religions and Customs. By P. Amoury Talbot. Sheldon Press. 18s.

HERE are four books which are as dissimilar in method as four books can be, yet they have one fundamental relation which links them together, each in its way deals with the Empire, its growth, its government and its peoples; and it may be that from such a grouping of heterogeneous material—the accident of a publishing season—we may gather a shrewder idea of the Empire's scope and meaning than could be obtained from a dozen works taken separately.

Professor Brady's *Canada* is the latest addition to "The Modern World" series, and a very valuable contribution to Imperial history. It is the great merit of the work that it deals with Canada as a country in the making, and its past and present as prophetic of its future. Dr. Brady is not given to loose prophecy, but his marshalling of the salient features of the country, its vast extent, its diverse interests, its great dual division of French and English thought, its varied life, and the nature and effect of recent immigration, are made to point the directions in which tendencies are flowing. Dr. Brady deals frankly and clearly with Canada's racial, political and economic problems, and he has also given us some excellent notes on the cultural sides of Canadian life.

In "Down Under," we have a first hand description of life in Australia in the years immediately preceding the great slump, written by a young public-school man, who, tiring of the routine of a London assurance business, went out to try his luck in New South Wales. Mr. Thompson during the years he was in Australia worked on sheep stations, and in various city employments in Sydney, and his criticism of the country and the people is crisp and to the point. It is a lively and arresting story that Mr. Thompson has to tell and if his account of Australia is not particularly flattering to the Australians, it is so evidently without malice that, on the principle that lookers-on see most of the game, they might do worse than give him a patient hearing.

The author of "Black Frontiers" was with the mounted police that surveyed Matabeleland in the years immediately prior to the Matabele war and the foundation of Rhodesia. Mr. Kemp gives us a vivid story of the adventurous days when Johannesburg and Kimberley were in the making and turbulent gold seekers from all over the world rushed to the Rand. He writes of South Africa with something approaching affection, and if his heroes are Rhodes and Jamieson, he has a warm corner in his memory for Kruger and his Boers. It is a book of adventure, but it is also a little footnote to Imperial history.

There remains Dr. Talbot's account of the tribes of the Niger Delta, yet another of those admirable monographs written by Government officials which demonstrate how far we have advanced from the attitude summarised in the famous description of a primitive people: "manners none and customs beastly." The tribes here dealt with have long been in contact with Europeans, and in many ways under British rule their tribal customs have been tampered with. The amazing thing, however, is not that their customs have broken down, but that in the compulsory shedding of objectionable and impolitic features so much that is socially valuable in their social structure has remained. The book, while a mine of information for the anthropologist, is also a most useful guide for those who are called upon to govern the negro. The book is well and fully illustrated.

ESCAPE

The Escapes of Captain O'Brien, R.N., 1804-1808. The Bodley Head. 7s. 6d.

THIS volume is the second edition of "*The Narrative of Captain O'Brien, R.N., containing an account of his Shipwreck, Captivity, and Escape from France after undergoing a series of sufferings which lasted for nearly five years.*" The first edition, by the way, was published so long ago as 1841. To justify a re-edition after that lapse of time a book must be something quite out of the ordinary; happily, *The Escapes of Captain O'Brien* survives this criticism.

O'Brien, an officer in the British Navy, was shipwrecked off the coast of Brest and taken prisoner. He appears to have been exceptionally well-treated by the officers of the French Navy, but was subsequently marched 700 miles as one of a gang of prisoners to Verdun. There it was that his troubles began; and from there too he made his first attempt at escape. He got as far as Etalles, where he was captured and marched back by stages to Verdun. After spending a week in an extraordinarily unpleasant dungeon he was dispatched to Bitche, the horror of which was renowned throughout Europe. But O'Brien was completely undaunted, and on one fine day he took the opportunity of bolting from his guards. He was alone, and for nine awful days and nights it hardly ceased raining. Frequently he would lose his way, while his only food was roots from the fields. But he never lost his courage; and, more marvellous still, he kept his health. He crossed the Rhine and got as far as Lake Constance where he was once more caught. After that he was treated with a "cruelty and savage behaviour really beyond description." He was loaded with chains so that he was unable even to walk without assistance, and then cast into the deepest dungeon of Bitche. "It appeared at that moment a moral impossibility to escape from, and I was filled with despair on beholding its works." But he had one more shot at escape and this time he was successful.

The book is brightly and briskly written; nor is it without humour, Captain O'Brien's feeling and sensations, his hopes and disappointments always ring true; and reading his story, O'Brien himself once again seems to live. Surely that, and nothing else, is the best criterion of a book's value.

OCCULTISM AMONGST THE ANCIENTS

Peoples of Antiquity. By Ceasar De Vesme. Translated by F. Rothwell. Rider. 10s. 6d.

IN this volume, which is the second part of M. de Vesme's *History of Experimental Spiritualism*, the author deals with the accounts of psychic phenomena, thaumaturgic cures, and prophecies, left by Hebrew, Greek, and Roman writers. The section devoted to ancient oracles commands attention, though it does not lead even to a point where hypothetical explanations can yet be formulated with any confidence. Delphi, if ordinary historical evidence is to be accepted, was no home of vulgar charlatanry. The notion that the pythia was invariably ambiguous is incorrect, and, if she was often wrong, it is strange that her mistakes are unrecorded. That she was definitely right at times is less impressive, for many an old woman dealing cards in a drawing room has surprised fairly intelligent consultants by apparent powers of divination. Something, however, besides evasions and a few flukes was surely needed to maintain for so long the prestige of Delphic Apollo. "Superstition," according to William James, "is almost always right as regards facts, science as regards their interpretation." Scientists have not accorded much unprejudiced study to the problem of human foresight. M. de Vesme's collection of "facts" seems to call for their investigation.

On the subject of manifestations after death, his book helps us to go a little further in at least one direction. As is well known, mummification began in Egypt as a method of securing immortality, but why it was fancied that conservation of corpses would have this effect has remained a riddle. M. de Vesme provides no direct answer, but, if the supernatural be admitted as evidence, it is possible to deduce one from his pages. It is simply a matter of putting two and two together. The dry climate and the desert sands of Egypt naturally retard decomposition. Ghostly visits, if they take place at all, can generally be dated to the first few months after death. It follows, then, that the Egyptians may have had a quite plausible reason for linking corporal preservation with survival of the Soul or *ka*. Also it is notable that the practice of cremation by other peoples is the mark of a later age when ghosts as well as gods, had assumed maleficent character. Here, again, the author only reminds us of the facts, but they can be interpreted by the light of recent anthropological research. Where fear is the basis of religion, desire for the future life of friends is less urgent than anxiety to be rid of enemies.

D. WILLOUGHBY

A CRITICISM OF WAR

They that Take the Sword By Esme Wingfield-Stratford. Routledge. 12s. 6d.

DR.-WINGFIELD-STRATFORD is a scholarly and intelligent pacifist. "War," he writes, "is a disease of civilization," and almost all the information acquired recently of primitive society confirms this theory. As a beginning, then, the world has grounds for hope denied to those who used to think of carnage as "God's own daughter" or could only conceive of Nature as red in tooth and claw.

Occasionally, in his impatience with militarism, the author errs in his estimate of soldiers. Complaining that even Napoleon ignored the application of science to warfare, he has not, as he fancies, convicted them of crass stupidity. On the contrary, he has shown that they were wise in their generation. While their trade was symbolized by the sword, it had more popularity than it enjoys to-day. When the Germans loosed the first cylinder of gas at Ypres, they thickened the cloud under which the warrior would thenceforward march.

As a rule, however, Dr. Wingfield-Stratford is scrupulously fair, and, by his admission of "the grandeur that was Rome," he strengthens his strictures on such sterile States as were Assyria, Sparta, and Prussia. His assertion that the Incas provide an example of territorial expansion producing a consistent balance of gain seems, indeed, a piece of needless magnanimity. According to Hudson, their empire was putrid before its dissolution. In several places, too, the case for the peaceful disposition of prehistoric man might have been amplified. The Avebury vallum, on the wrong side of its fosse, is proof that the old engineers had other designs than defence against marauding hosts.

Still, as destructive criticism of, say, Clausewitz or Nietzsche, the book is effective, and the writer's survey of history confirms the truth of the text from which the title has been taken. The weakness is on the constructive side. Pacifism in practice, as illustrated by China and India, is not encouraging. It is too late to invoke Christianity. The League of Nations rouses little enthusiasm, and its principles are commonly recommended for export only. A possibility not discussed in this volume is more scope for youth in the activities of peace. While gerontocracy rules Europe, there is danger that young men and women may look to war as a way out of bondage. And the decision between peace and war is in their hands, whatever else the elders may control.

SCOTLAND AND THE INDIES

The Company of Scotland Trading to Africa and the Indies. By G. P. Insh. Scribners. 12s. 6d.

HERE is the story of The Company Of Scotland, whose inception and earlier activities caused so much perturbation in commercial London, and whose attempt to found a colony on the Isthmus of Darien, which very definitely was under Spanish rule, put William III. and his Ministers in a most embarrassing position vis-a-vis à Spain they were anxious to conciliate. Dr. Insh deals authoritatively with the affairs and operations of the Company, but he writes so attractively and imaginatively that were it not for the close documentation of his story it might be considered a triumphant essay in historical romance. The facts are admirably marshalled and set in a scene and a time that Dr. Insh re-creates with an air of contemporaneousness that gives a grip rarely acquired by a serious historical monograph.

The story opens with the long drawn out commercial negotiations between Edinburgh and London which led eventually to the Act that gave the Company powers wider than the King's Ministers ever contemplated; and goes on to describe the Company's attempts to gather subscription from the merchants of Holland and the

Hanse Towns, attempts that were rendered abortive by the caution of the Dutch and by the antagonism of King William's representative in Hamburg.

These stories are told vividly and with spirit, but even better is the picture we are given of contemporary Scotland, poor and proud and indomitable, prepared to risk its last penny in an effort to win a place in the overseas trade, the prizes of which seemed so much more than commensurate with the risk involved. The book is a real and valuable footnote to history, for it explains the relations between Scotland and England, and the relations of England with the Continent during the last years of William's reign, in a way that explains the political policies of the time with a clarity that no purely political history can compass.

PHYSIOLOGY AND CRIME

Constitution-Types in Delinquency. By W. A. Willemsse. Kegan Paul. 15s.

IT is a happy augury for the progress of applied psychology that its professors are concerning themselves more and more with the physiological basis of their science. It would be well, however, considering the importance of their work to laymen, if they would couch the nomenclature they must perforce create in terms that everyone can understand, and that, whether in original or translation, they would stick to the language in which they write. To be continually called upon to memorise new and uncouth names and to struggle with a babel of jargon is an irritating nuisance. One is moved to this protest all the more recently by Dr. Willemsse's occasional and unnecessary use of pseudo-scientific terms, which mar a work that in the main is as lucid as it is arresting.

Dr. Willemsse is Lecturer in Psychology in the University of Pretoria, and he here advances a theory of constitution-types in delinquency on the lines laid down by Kretschmer and other Continental investigators, and he fortifies his theory with the records of physiological and psychological-research carried out in South African Reformatories. It may be that Dr. Willemsse stresses unduly the heritable physical characters, and pays too little attention to the environment, psychological and material, in which his subjects were brought up; but that his general division of delinquents into three main groups, corresponding to normal physical types which we all can recognise, is founded on solid facts no candid reader of the book will deny. That few, if any, members of these groups conform in all respects to type in no way invalidates the scheme, for that each group should exhibit occasional resemblances to the others was to be expected. A pure type is as unthinkable as a pure "race."

It is interesting to note that Dr. Willemsse's types—"Leptosome," "Pyknic," and "Athletic"—correspond to some extent with the racial divisions "Nordic," "Alpine" and "Dinaric," and, although Dr. Willemsse does not mention it with the old Humours: "Melancholic-Phlegmatic," "Sanguine," and "Choleric," as guesses at the truth of a glandular origin of emotion were really not so very far out. One can imagine old Sir Peter in "The Doctor's Dilemma" having read Dr. Willemsse's book remarking placidly as he laid it down: "As my old father used to say. . ."

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CITY

Lombard Street, Wednesday.

Stock Exchange markets began the week in a much more optimistic frame of mind. This was brought about by the prospective credit expansion in the United States and the possible release of some of the gold lying idle in her underground vaults. This is indicative of a change of mind that is coming over responsible opinion in America and is taken to mean that the United States is prepared to share her gold and her credit among the nations that are suffering from financial semi-starvation. This, of course, is all to the good. It should, in time bring about a rise in commodity prices and in this way stimulate trade. Unfortunately the volume of trade throughout the world continues to dwindle and it is in this direction that attention must be focussed if complete paralysis is to be averted. It is however, not the time for speculative activity in Stock Markets. The sharp recovery in Wall Street last week-end led to the marking up of prices on this side but as business failed to expand the buoyancy was short lived.

Meagre Response

Doubtless the depressed condition of markets during the past month is mainly responsible for the absence of support of the shareholders of the African and Eastern Trade Corporation to the scheme recently put forward by the directors. In this scheme subscriptions were invited to an issue of £1,200,000 of new capital in the form of Income Stock. The response of the shareholders has, however, been lamentably small. Subscriptions amounted to less than 6 per cent. of the issue and as a result the directors are unable to proceed to allotment. This implies that the offer made by Lever Brothers, Ltd., to provide the necessary capital will be accepted and that the interest and voting power of the African and Eastern Corporation in the United African Company Ltd. will be reduced to 20 per cent.. While the directors may be disappointed at the failure of their scheme they have at least the satisfaction of knowing that they spared no pains to place the alternative proposals before the shareholders who cannot complain of being kept in the dark.

Bovril's Strength

Having regard to the world trade oppression and the international exchange difficulties, it is not surprising that a trading concern like Bovril Ltd., whose reputation is world-wide, has suffered a set-back in the past twelve months. The falling off in business, as disclosed in its latest report, was entirely in the export trade. Home sales actually exceeded those of the previous year. A

decline in net profit of about £88,000 has necessitated a reduction in dividend from 13 to 10 per cent. on the deferred shares. The finances of the company, however, remain very strong. In their report the directors state that they have considered it expedient to make allowance for the depreciation in the exchange and the consequent reduction in the value of overseas stocks. This depreciation has been provided for partly out of the profits and partly by a transfer of £150,000 from reserve. After making the transfer the reserve will still amount to the substantial total of £1,100,000. The liquid character of the balance sheet is indicated by the fact that at the end of December last cash in hand and with bankers amounted to nearly a quarter of a million sterling.

An Attractive Stock

Early in the month an issue of £7,000,000 of 5 per cent stock (1955-75) was made by the Central Electricity Board at 95. So large an amount of stock wanted a lot of placing at a time of such financial stringency and the underwriters were consequently left with the greater portion of the issue. The result is that the price has weakened to 93, and at the same figure the stock seems particularly attractive. It yields £5 7s. 6d. per cent. from interest alone, is well secured, and forms a suitable medium for the investment of capital on advantageous terms. The Central Electricity Board, which consists of a chairman and seven members appointed by the Minister of Transport, was formed to construct main transmission lines (commonly known as "the grid"), to concentrate the generation of electricity at standard frequency in the most efficient stations, to supply electricity in bulk for distribution, and by these means to increase the availability of electricity throughout the country and reduce the cost of production.

For Trustees.

While a number of Home Railway prior charge stocks have lost their trustee status as a result of the falling off in earnings and ordinary dividends in recent years, those of the Metropolitan District Railway Company have just attained trustee standing, owing to the fact that the Company has just paid 3 per cent. or over on its ordinary capital consecutively for ten years. I draw attention to this fact because I understand there is a Perpetual Debenture Stock (1903-05) available in the market at 77, at which price a yield of nearly 5½ per cent. is obtainable. Interest on the stock is covered about four times by current earnings. There is something like £12,000,000 of stock ranking after this 4 per cent. debenture issue, all of which is receiving interest on dividend, so that all things considered the stock seems to be a sound investment yielding rather more than can be obtained at the moment from securities of equal standing.

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The "Saturday Review" Suggests This Week:

[We hope that this page will keep our readers in touch with the best of the Theatre, Film, and Wireless programmes, and the books which in our opinion are the best of the week.—ED.]

THEATRES

GILBERT WAKEFIELD'S LIST

- HAYMARKET.** *Can the Leopard . . . ?* by Ronald Jeans. (Whitehall 9832.) 8.30. Wed. and Sat. 2.30. Gertrude Lawrence and Ian Hunter in a very witty and well-acted comedy.
- ROYALTY.** *While Parents Sleep.* By Anthony Kimmins. 8.40. Thurs. and Sat. 2.40. Not for the squeamish or the intellectual playgoer, but recommended for its rare vitality and boisterous high-spirits.
- ADELPHI.** *"Helen!"* Opera-Bouffe, based on "La Belle Helene," by A. P. Herbert. Music by Offenbach. 8.15. Wed. and Sat. 2.30.
- HIS MAJESTY'S.** *Julius Caesar.* 8.15. Wed. and Sat. 2.30. A robustly theatrical revival by a company of "star" Shakespeareans. Reviewed this week.
- DUCHESS.** *"The Rose without a Thorn."* By Clifford Bax. 8.30. Wed. and Sat. 2.30. Reviewed this week.
- EMBASSY.** *Romeo and Juliet.* 8.15. Thurs. and Sat. 2.30. A swift and competent production of Shakespeare's silliest play and finest poem.

BROADCASTING

WIRELESS EDITOR'S LIST

- DAVENTRY NATIONAL**
- Monday, February, 22, 6.50 p.m. Miss V. Sackville-West will give the weekly talk on "New Books."
- 7.30 p.m. The second talk in the series "How has the State met the Change?" will be given by Professor Arnold Plant, who is Sir Ernest Cassell, Professor of Commerce, London School of Economics. His subject will be "The Regulation of Industry and Commerce."
- 8.30 p.m. Mr. J. E. Barton will give the second talk in his series on "Modern Art."
- Wednesday, February 24, 7.30 p.m. The second talk in the series "Changes in Family Life" will be by Sir William Beveridge, K.C.B., who will talk about "The Family and the Population Question."
- Thursday, February 25, 8.0 p.m. Joseph Lewis will conduct a Gilbert and Sullivan programme.
- Friday, February, 26, 6.50 p.m. The weekly talk on "The Week-end in the Garden" will be given by Mr. A. N. Rawes, who will talk about "The Fruit Trees."
- 7.5 p.m. Mr. Ernest Newman, the B.B.C. Music Critic, will give his fortnightly talk.
- 7.30 p.m. "Boys and Girls of To-day" is the title of Dr. C. Delisle Burn's eighth talk in his series "Modern Life and Modern Leisure."
- 9.20 p.m. Professor J. Coatman will give the seventh talk in his series on "The Empire and Ourselves."
- 9.35 p.m. Stanford Robinson will conduct a Mendelssohn programme. The orchestra will play the Symphony No. 4 in A (The Italian); and Nocturne and Scherzo (A Midsummer Night's Dream).

FILMS

MARK FORREST'S LIST.

LONDON FILMS

- THE RIALTO.** *A Nous la Liberté.* Criticized in this issue.
- THE CARLTON.** *Doctor Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.* Criticized in this issue.
- THE REGAL and THE LONDON PAVILION.** *Suicide Fleet.* Criticized in this issue.
- THE ACADEMY.** *The Blue Express.* This fine Russian picture directed by Ilya Trauberg is being revived.
- THE MARBLE ARCH PAVILION.** *Sunshine Susie.* This comedy with music continues here. Jack Hulbert and Renate Muller.
- THE PLAZA.** *Gentleman for a Day.* This picture supports the main feature; it is the better of the two. Douglas Fairbanks, Junior and Joan Blondell.
- THE NEW VICTORIA.** *The Yellow Passport.* The film version of the well-known play with Elissa Landi.

GENERAL RELEASES

- Devotion.** A romantic picture with Ann Harding and Leslie Howard.
- Politics.** Marie Dressler and Polly Moran running a small American town.

BOOKS TO READ

LITERARY EDITOR'S LIST

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